

Dark Tranquillity

"Surface The Infinite"

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It starts below,
The bile and the burning,
Darkness in the recipe,
A fire of the soul.

To paralyze and stranglehold,
Disable the design,
The remnants of reality,
In our measured time,
Is torn apart.

We carry the fear inside,
A space that holds the darkness,
We stretch our skin around,
to cover the abyss.

The smirk on our reality,
At the future we foresee,
Blood that seeks redemption,
In endless nights of sin,
Stays with the spears,
That pierce the blinding Sun.

We heard from the heralds of grief,
That nothing remains.

We carry our fear inside,
A space that holds the darkness,
We stretch our skin around,
To cover the abyss.

Breaks into day,
Upsets the system,
It's in our nature to bear,
The hidden to the end.

What if this feeling contains a truth,
What if our dreams give away to the dogma of old,
What lost desires can be found?

No shelter,

No barriers between,
What's already inside,
Betrays what the surface holds.

We wear our lives,
On wires and dust,
Like demons of the lost,
Still wrapped in our own confusion,
The call of the abyss.

We carry our fear inside,
A space that holds the darkness,
We stretch our skin around,
To cover the abyss.

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